

FATHER AND SON BOTH IN BATTLE AT MONTFAUCON

Neither General nor Doughboy Comes Out of It Unscathed

MOTHER WON'T LEARN ALL

Brigade Commander Decides One Part of Story Isn't a Match for the Rest of It

There were German machine gun nests ahead on the left and German anti-tank guns ahead on the right, and German high explosive and gas shells were pouring into Montfaucon wood, but every once in a while the Ohio brigadier general in his P.C. among the trees found himself forgetting the battle ahead while he mused:

"I wonder how the boy is making out over there on the other side of the hill? The machine guns among those walls are hitting it pretty lively on the other side, too, and Carl is somewhere in the valley that leads up to them."

Meanwhile, above a little stream that curled away toward the Meuse at the right of the height of Montfaucon, a doughboy stumbled on through the bramble of barb wire and the wilderness of blasted trees and dead horses while the machine gun bullets from the hill swept among the cratered slopes. And as he broke his way forward, with his comrades dropping behind him, he still had time to think:

"I wonder how dad is getting along on the other side of the hill. That artillery over there sounds as if his brigade must be right in it by this time."

No Message Over Wires

That is the way father and son, general and doughboy, fought their way past Montfaucon the second day of the Argonne-Meuse battle. But there were no messages over Signal Corps wires to tell the general that his son, a private in an Ohio Infantry regiment under another brigade commander, was thinking about him. It wasn't like the old days when Carl might drop into a telephone office anywhere, dash of a message on a blank form and sit down to wait until father wired the money.

Here, ahead of both father and son, was a stone city on a hill that had been considered one vast redoubt impregnable to assault by foot troops. The tide of battle, while they were thinking of each other, was carrying the general by that hill fortress on the left, while his son was being swept by on the right, with miles between them—and those miles a stretch of death and fire-swept woods, valleys and hills.

Prior to all this there had been the farwell before they went into battle. That farwell was also their first meeting in France. The general did not know until a few hours before the attack that his son was near him. The boy—he is scarcely over 21—had walked into his father's headquarters and saluted. There were the usual greetings. Then the general had turned to his maps and his runners. And Carl had hurried back to his company.

As they said goodbye, the general called to the boy:

"Remember, son, you're where I was, and I'm prouder of you than I can tell. We'll tell mother all about this when it's over."

The Boy's History

When the boy had passed behind the blanket that curtained the arched doorway of the half ruined house where the general's post was, the general told his staff the story of his son.

"I didn't know he had joined up until he walked into my office back home in June a year ago and said: 'Dad, I've hooked up with the Empty-Seventh.' He said he was going in on his own merits, and damned if he wanted any one to hand him anything because his old man was a general."

"I patted him on the back and told him: 'Son, I'm with you all the way. I gave him some advice on things he ought to know—you see, I was a private myself before the Spanish-American war. This has been a busy year, but Carl's letters have told me much—soldier's letters, you know, very short, with nothing loose or sentimental in them. It wasn't until they showed the brigades up for this push that we came near each other.'"

Montfaucon, was held by doughboys. The stone towers that had stood out boldly among the ruined walls were flattened in the wreckage that lay over the whole height. American artillery was firing over Montfaucon to the enemy lines in the woods beyond. German shells were bursting among the American positions over the dugouts full of dead German soldiers. The American lines lay up toward Clerges and all the way in front of Montfaucon to the right.

P.C. Miles Ahead

The Ohio brigadier general's P.C. now was miles ahead of where it had been. It was in a former German dugout under a clump of trees.

A private with a bandaged head slipped over the muddy roadway to the P.C. and father met son again. There was the usual salute, then—

"Just had to find you before they sent me back, Dad," said the private. "They got me, but nothing bad, I guess. So I slipped over from the dressing station after they fixed me up a little. And I caught my Boche prisoner before they got me."

"You've got me beaten, son," said the general. "Wonder what your mother would think of us? I told you a few hours ago we'd tell her everything. Well, we won't. I fell off my horse a little while ago and got a strained shoulder—and that's two days of close-up work without a scratch. And your mother always said I couldn't ride. There's one thing we won't tell about the battle, will we, boy?"

HAVE YOU?

Have you ever sat in your hole. With only a few logs and some dirt over you.

And heard the screech of one of Jerry's 77's.

And heard that screech change to a moan—

And heard that moan grow louder— And know it was going to fall near you— And look out and see it land— Right at the entrance of your hole— And not explode?

OUR KIND



This is Sgt. Hank Gowdy, A.E.F. He is the sort of big league ball player his comrades in O.D. everywhere call "our kind."

To keep from having to join the Army he didn't scuttle into an easy job with a shipyard ball team, as many big leaguers did when duty called through the draft. He didn't protest that baseball was an essential war industry. He didn't suddenly remember that a whole flock of relatives were dependent upon him for support. He didn't say he'd wait until the season was over and then come in.

The proof of which is that Hank has been a front line member of the A.E.F. since away last winter.

ARMY'S BARBED WIRE PUZZLE IS SOLVED

Signal Corps Shows Qualifications for After-War Reeling Job

INSTALLING MORE LINES

Through Telephone Connection Between France and Italy Now Being Established

When it comes to quantity production, the Signal Corps people say that you simply have to hand it to certain Field Signal Battalion engaged in one of the recent shows up front. In three weeks the battalion installed 32 switchboards, four radio sets, three terminal boards and seven T.P.S. sets, which are for wireless communication.

That wasn't all. With the aid of some infantry signal platoons, they went ahead and laid-in the same period of time 168 miles of wire, repaired 27 1/2 miles of it, took over 23 miles from the French, and recovered 131.

At the same time they were doing all this, an Artillery Signal section installed 48 switchboards and 149 telephones, laid 136 miles of wire, and took over and repaired 81 miles. All this work was done while active operations were going on—twice during the actual progress of raids.

While you are talking the average length of time over any Army telephone, do you realize that a good four telegraph messages are going over the wire at the same moment? Unless you are in the Signal Corps, you probably don't; but that is just what is happening.

32 Telegrams on Four Wires

The Signal Corps in France is now operating on superimposed circuits throughout, getting from the wire from two and one-half to three times the ordinary service. For example, it can put on four signal wires a maximum of 32 telegraph messages at the same time. Or on those same four wires it can negotiate 24 telegrams and three telephone connections to boot.

Not only that, but if one of the base ports wants to talk to G.H.Q., or G.H.Q. wants to talk to one of the base ports, the arrangement is only a matter of minutes. In case of necessity, it connects the base ports right up with the front itself, giving a direct connection between both ends of the A.E.F.

Not being content with that, it is now planning to put through direct telephone connection between the Army in France and the portions of the Army that are in Italy, and well it may since its personnel includes most of the men who made the direct telephone connection between New York and San Francisco a workable thing.

Like City of 2,000,000

The rapid and continuous growth of the A.E.F. has made the Corps hustle to keep pace with it in the amount of telephone and telegraph communication demanded. It has grown so that its largest telegraph and telephone office, that at Tours, would, from its size and facilities, be capable of caring for a city of 2,000,000 population back home. In addition to serving the A.E.F., it is continually putting in lines for the Allies, notably at one of the base ports, where, to cite only one item, it assists the British Signal Office to care daily for 10,000 words of press news to be relayed to London.

In order to keep up the efficiency of the service, it has established at Tours an operators' school, where those newly arrived from the States are put through the paces of military telephony and telegraphy, under special instructors. When operators are to be promoted, they come in from the front or the S.O.S. to take an advance course to qualify them for their new duties.

NO FURNACE FIRES YET

AMERICA, Oct. 17.—We are not going to start our furnaces in New York until November 1.

The Deputy State Fuel Administrator has delegated a member of his staff to see that the families of soldiers and sailors shall not have any difficulty in getting coal this winter.

FIFTY-FIFTY

Private: Say, Sarge, you know those shoes you gave me?

Supply Sergeant: Well, what about 'em?

Private: Well, one of 'em matches all right, but the other doesn't.

ANTI-GAS PASTE NOW READY FOR ISSUE TO A.E.F.

"Sag" Will Protect Unmasked Parts of Body from Hun Poison

TO BE SMEARED ON SKIN

New Preparation Will Prevent Most Burns and Lessen Severity of Others

Every doughboy going into the line will carry a tube of a paste that prevents and cures mustard gas burns. Some are already carrying the tubes.

The anti-gas paste is called "Sag," a word coined by reversing the word gas. The new product, invented by Uncle Sam's war apothecaries, protects the fighting man's arms and legs and the body below the neck—parts hitherto unprotected—against the floating or driven particles of poison from exploding gas shells. The gas mask protects the face and the head from mustard gas, as well as from gas whose action is primarily on the respiratory organs.

So far as looks go, Sag is a modest appearing preparation. It comes in a heavy tin-foil tube that looks as if it might contain tooth paste or shaving cream.

To Be Smeared on Body

The doughboy carries the anti-gas paste in his haversack, or other convenient place, ready for use when he is going to be exposed to the dangers of gas shell fire. The paste is simply smeared on the parts of the body most vulnerable to mustard gas poison.

Experience has shown that parts which are usually warm and moist, and especially those protected by hair, suffer most from gas burns. The scrotum particularly is susceptible to mustard gas. Tests have shown that when the anti-gas paste has been applied, these parts could stand exposure to mustard gas without injury in most cases, although such factors as the length of exposure to the gas and the concentration or strength of the gas may render the paste less effective. Under ordinary conditions, however, the paste will prevent gas burns, or, in any event, lessen their severity.

The paste is also used in emergencies for treating surfaces which have been gassed. Mustard gas to the chemist is di-chloro-ethyl-sulphide. It is classed as a vesicant, from its properties of producing burns of the skin and respiratory system. In its effects mustard gas is accumulative; the medical officers say, that is the longer it remains in contact with the skin the worse the burn will be. The anti-gas paste checks and neutralizes the action of the gas by setting up a chemical reaction with it.

Must Avoid Delay

Officers of the Chemical Warfare Service, who have prepared the anti-gas paste point out that every effort should be made to prevent the continuing action of the gas once it has affected the skin, for a delay of a few hours may bring serious results that could have been avoided. This may be difficult, because mustard gas has only a faint odor—like that of mustard—and does not produce immediate irritation. In a few hours the skin may become badly inflamed.

"What makes you think you've grown hard-boiled since you joined the Army?" "Because I've got the sweat trained to run down behind my ears."

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STEEL PRODUCTION MAY HIT CAPACITY

September Sees High Line of Ingot Output—Plenty for A. E. F.

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, Oct. 17.—The wartime production of American steel has broken all records. Our showing is so good that we feel reasonably assured that our actual production for the year will be an astonishingly close approximation to the estimated total capacity of the country. Last September marked the high line of steel ingot production, with a gain of 12 per cent over August and the establishing of a gain that, carried through the year, would make the annual production 46,800,000 gross tons. The output in 1917 approximated 43,700,000 gross tons of the country. The output of finished rolled steel approximated 6,200 net tons in July and August, and the September record was 3,300,000, making 9,500,000 tons for the quarter.

October Showing Greater

The estimated showing for October is still greater, and experts say we may expect in the next quarter, to produce 10,000,000 net tons, making the total for the half year 19,500,000 or even 20,000,000 tons.

The Railroad Administration Board will, if need be, give up for the Army in France a good portion of the steel reserved for domestic railroad use. In all directions, as we take account of accomplishments, we see excellent results. Thus more coal has been mined in the period April 1 to September 1 than ever before in any half year in the country's history, and this despite the fact that 50,000 or even 60,000 miners were inducted into military service and an unknown larger number went to munitions work.

Bituminous coal mined in the six months' period amounted to 311,216,000 tons, which is 12 per cent more than for the corresponding period last year, which was regarded as the high-water mark of production.

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AXE WELDERS SHOW HEAD FOR BUSINESS

Pork Shortage Brings Velvet to Company of Yank Woodsmen

Out in the woods near Blois a company of Forestry Engineers had a company fund and a big idea. So, while the trees crashed down and the sawmill turned out capacity production, the mess sergeant bought pigs—seven little piglets who squealed and grunted, grew fat and wobbled—to carry out the big idea.

That was six months ago. The seven porkers policed the garbage cans as the company meant they should, and the butchers in the neighborhood grew fidgety. The garbage collector soon ceased to call, and the boys squinted at their growing venture with the complicity of capitalists.

A few days ago the company parted with five of the seven. Profit the company fifteen hundred francs, with two stalwart garbage incinerators still in the pen. The fate of these two is reserved until Thanksgiving, after which the censor will pass on their story.

The company is going in for large scale production. The pen has been enlarged and a new fatigues squad, numbering 12, added to the family.

EASY TO IDENTIFY

"Say, a feller was around here looking for you just now."

"Zasso? What'd he look like?"

"Lessee. Come to think of it, had on spiral leggings and a pair of O.D. pants."

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